VVelcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eate of it.
King. VVhy art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empreſſe.
Tamora. VVe are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
VVas it well done of raſh *Viginius*
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand
Becauſe ſhe was enforſt, ſtainde, and deflowrde?
King. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reaſon mighty Lord.
King. Becauſe the girle ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renewe his ſorrowes.
Titus. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne preſident, and liuelie warrant,
For me moſt wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia* and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy Fathers ſorrow die.
King. VVhat haſt thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde,
Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind,
I am as woefull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe than he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
King. VVhat was ſhe rauiſht, tell who did the deede.
T. VVilt pleaſe you eate, wilt pleaſe your highnes feed.
Tam. VVhy haſt thou ſlaine thine only Daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
They Rauiſht her and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King, Goe fetch them hither to vs preſently.
Titus. VVhy there they are both baked in this Pie.
VVhereof their Mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhee her ſelfe hath bred,

Tis

Tis true, tis true, witne

Emperour, Die fran
Lucius. Can the ſo
Ther's meede for mee
Marcus. You ſad fa
By vprores ſeuerd as a
Scatterd by winds and
Oh let me teach you h
This ſcattered corne in
Theſe broken limbs a
Romane Lord. Let
And ſhee whome migh
Like a forlorne and de
Doe ſhamefull executi
But if my froſtie ſignes
Graue witneſſes of tru
Cannot induce you to a
Speake Roomes deare
when with his ſolemne t
To loue ſicke Didoes ſa
the ſtorie of that baleſu
VVhen ſubtile Greeke
Tell vs what Sinon hat
Or who hath brought t
That giues our Troy, ou
My hart is not compact
Nor can I vtter all our b
But flouds of teares will
And breake my vttranc
VVhen it ſhould moue y
And force you to commi
Her's Romes young Cap
VVhile I ſtand by and
Lucius. Then gratiou
That *Chiron* and the dam